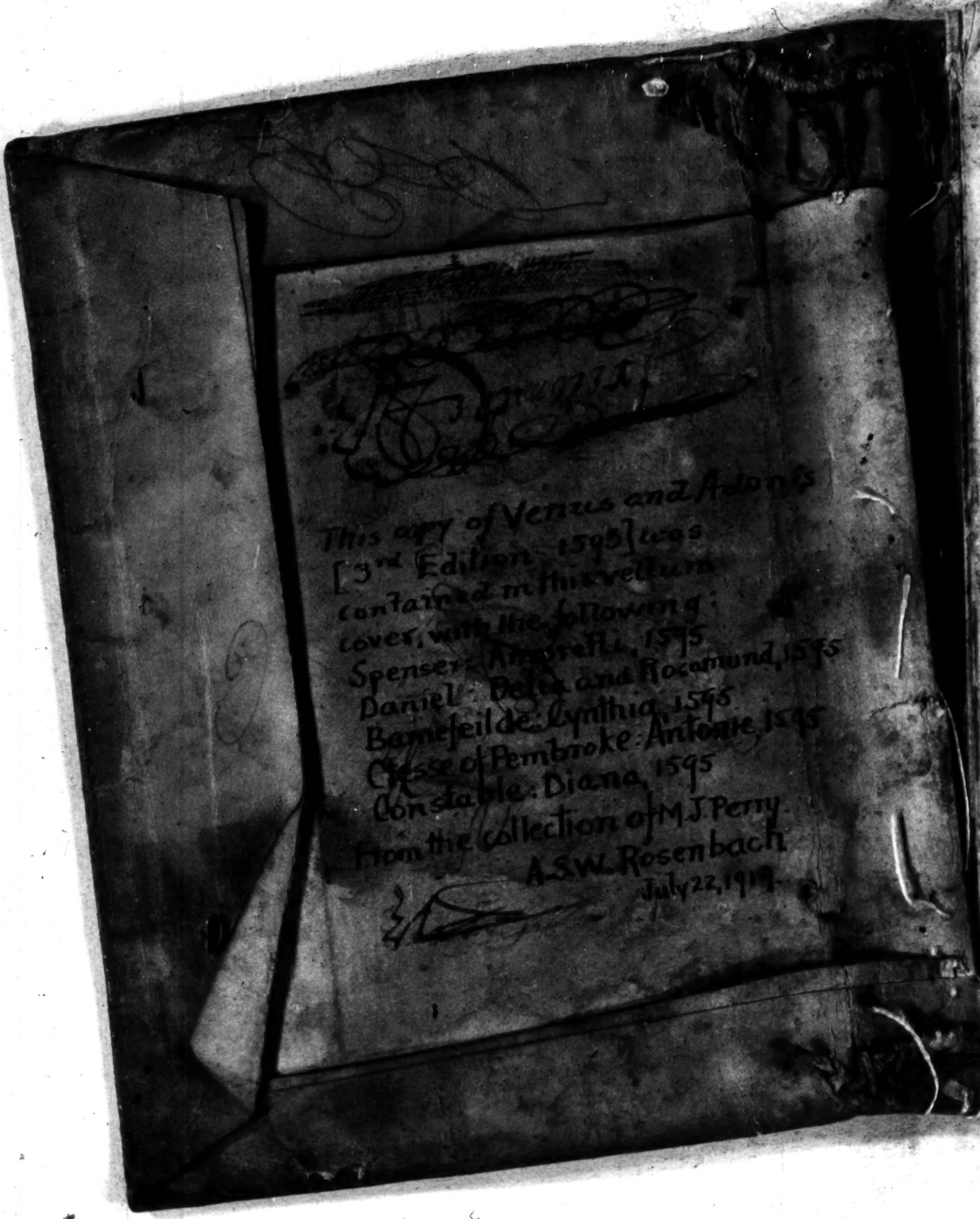

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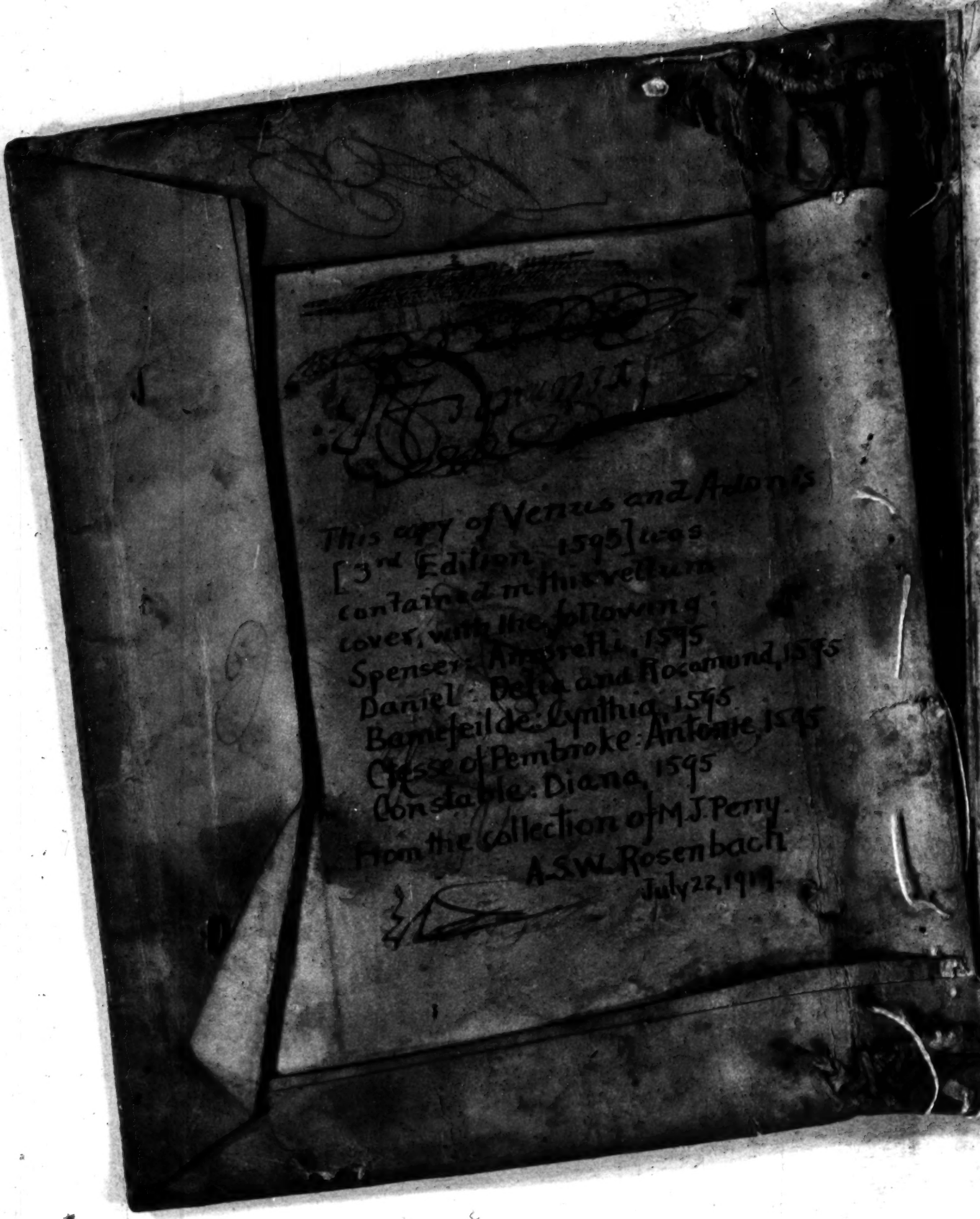

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What recketh he his riders angrie ſturre,
His flattering holla, or his ſtand, I ſay,
What cares he now, for curbe, or pricking ſpurre,
For rich capariſons, or trappings gay:
He ſees his loue, and nothing elſe he ſees,
For nothing elſe with his proud ſight agrees.

Looke when a painter would ſurpaſſe the life,
In limming out a well proportioned ſteed,
His Art with Natures workmanſhip at ſtrife,
As if the dead the liuing ſhould exceed:
So did this Horſe excell a common one,
In ſhape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round hooſt, ſhort ioynted, fetlocks ſhag, and long,
Broad breaſt, full eye, ſmall head, and noſtrill wide,
High creſt, ſhort eares, ſtraight legs, & paſſing ſtrõg,
Thin mane, thicke taile, broad buttock, tender hide:
Looke what a horſe ſhould haue, he did not lacke,
Saue a proud rider on ſo proud a backe.

Sometime he ſcuds farre off, and there he ſtares,
Anon he ſtarts, at ſtirring of a feather:
To bid the wind a baſe he now prepares,
And where he run, or flie, they know not whether:
For through his mane, & taile, the high wind ſings,
Fanning the haires, who waue like feathred wings.

He lookes vpon his loue, and neighs vnto her,
She anſwers him, as if ſhe knew his minde,
Being proud as females are, to ſee him woo her,
She puts on outward ſtrangeneſſe, ſeemes vnkinde:
Spurnes at his loue, & ſcornes the heat he feeles,
Beating his kind imbracements with her heeles.

Then like a melancholy malcontent,
He vailes his taile that like a falling plume,
Coole ſhadow to his melting buttocke lent,
He ſtamps, and bites the poore flies in his fume:
His loue perceiuing how he was inrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his furie was aſſwag'd.

His teſtie maiſter goeth about to take him,
When lo the vnbackt breeder full of feare,
Iealous of catching, ſwiftly doth forſake him,
With her the Horſe, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad vnto the wood they hie them,
Out ſtripping crowes, that ſtriue to ouerfly them

All ſwolne with chafing, downe Adonis ſits,
Banning his boyſtrous, and vnruly beaſt;
And now the happie ſeaſon once more fits,
That loue-ſicke Loue, by pleading may be bleſt:
For louers ſay, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is bard the aydance of the tong.

An Ouen that is ſtopt, or riuer ſtayd,
Burneth more hotly, ſwelleth with more rage:
So of concealed ſorow may be ſayd,
Free vent of words loues fier doth aſſwage,
But when the hearts atturney once is mute,
The client breakes, as deſperat in his ſute.

He ſees her comming, and begins to glow,
Euen as a dying coale reuiues with winde,
And with his bonnet hides his angrie brow,
Lookes on the dull earth with diſturbed minde:
Taking no notice that ſhe is ſo nye,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a ſight it was wiſtly to view,
How ſhe came ſtealing to the wayward boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hew,
How white and red, each other did deſtroy:
But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
It flaſht forth fire, as lightning from the ſkie.

Now was ſhe iuſt before him as he ſat,
And like a lowly louer downe ſhe kneeles,
With one faire hand ſhe heaueth vp his hat,
Her other tender hand his faire cheeke feeles:
His tender cheeke, receiues her ſoft hands prin
As apt as new falne ſnow, takes any dint.

Oh what a warre of looks was then betweene them,
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,
His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seene them,
Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdaind the wooing:
And all this dumbe play had his acts made plaine,
With teares which Chorus-like her eyes did raine.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lillie prisond in a gaile of snow,
Or Iuorie in an alablaster band,
So white a friend, ingirts so white a foe:
This beautious combat wilfull, and vnwilling,
Shew'd like two siluer doues that sit a billing.

Once more the engin of her thoughts began,
O fairest mouer on this mortall round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound,
For one sweet looke thy helpe I would assure thee,
Thogh nothing but my bodies bane would cure thee

Giue me my hand (saith he,) why dost thou feele it?
Giue me my heart (saith she,) and thou shalt haue it.
O giue it me least thy hard heart do steele it,
And being steeld, soft sighes can neuer graue it.
Then loues deepe grones, I neuer shall regard,
Because Adonis heart hath made mine hard.

For ſhame he cries, let go, and let me go,
My dayes delights is paſt, my Horſe is gone,
And tis your fault I am bereſt him ſo,
I pray you hence, and leaue me here alone,
For all my mind, my thought, my buſie care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus ſhe replies, thy palfrey as he ſhould,
Welcomes the warme approch of ſweet deſire,
Affection is a coale that muſt be coold,
Elſe ſuffer'd, it will ſet the heart on fire,
The ſea hath bounds, but deep deſire hath none,
Therefore no maruell though thy horſe be gone.

How like a lade he ſtood tied to the tree,
Seruilly maſter'd with a leatherne raine,
But when he ſaw his loue, his youths faire fee,
He held ſuch petite bondage in diſdaine:
Throwing the baſe thong from his bending creſt,
Enfranchiſing his mouth, his backe, his breſt.

Who ſeekes his true-loue in her naked bed,
Teaching the ſheets a whiter hew then white,
But when his glutton eye ſo full hath fed,
His other agents aym at like delight?
Who is ſo faint that dares not be ſo bold,
To touch the fier, the weather being cold?

Let me excuſe thy courſer gentle boy,
And learne of him I heartily beſeech thee,
To take aduantage on preſented ioy,
Though I were dũbe, yet his proceedings teach thee
O learne to loue, the leſſon is but plaine,
And once made perfect, neuer loſt againe.

I know not loue (quoth he) nor will not know it,
Vnleſſe it be a Boare, and then I chaſe it,
Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My loue to loue, is loue, but to diſgrace it,
For I haue heard, it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who weares a garment ſhapeleſſe and vnfiniſht?
Who plucks the bud before one leafe put forth?
If ſpringing things be any iot diminiſht,
They wither in their prime, proue nothing worth,
The colt that's backt and burthend being yong,
Loſeth his pride, and neuer waxeth ſtrong.

You hurt my hand with wringing, let vs part,
And leaue this idle theame, this bootleſſe chat,
Remoue your ſiege from my vnyeelding heart,
To Loues alarmes it will not ope the gate,
Diſmiſſe your vows, your fained teares, your flattry,
For where a heart is hard they make no battry.

What

What, canſt thou talke (quoth ſhe) haſt thou a tõ
O would thou hadſt not, or I had no hearing,
Thy marmaids voyce hath done me double wron,
I had my lode before, now preſt with bearing,
Melodious diſcord, heauenly tune harſh ſounding
Eares deep ſweet muſik, & harts deep ſore wouding;

Had I no eyes but eares, my eares would loue,
That inward beautie and inuiſible,
Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would moue
Each part in me, that were but ſenſible,
Though neither eyes, nor eares, to heare nor ſee,
Yet ſhould I be in loue, by touching thee.

Say that the ſence of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not ſee, nor heare, nor touch,
And nothing but the very ſmell were left me,
Yet would my loue to thee be ſtill as much,
For from the ſtilitorie of thy face excelling,
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth loue by (ſmelling.
But oh what banquet wert thou to the taſt,
Being nourſe, and feeder of the other foure,
Would they not wiſh the feaſt ſhould euer laſt,
And bid ſuſpition double locke the doore,
Leaſt iealouſie that ſowre vnwelcome gueſt,
Should by his ſtealing in diſturbe the feaſt?

Once more the rubi-colourd portall opend,
Which to his ſpeech did honie paſſage yeeld,
Like a red morne that euer yet betokend,
Wracke to the ſea-man, tempeſt to the field:
Sorow to ſhepheards, woe vnto the birds,
Guſts, & fowle flawes to heardmen & to heards.

This ill preſage aduiſedly ſhe marketh,
Euen as the wind is huſht before it raineth:
Or as the wolfe doth grin before he barketh:
Or as the berrie breakes before it ſtaineth:
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun:
His meaning ſtrucke her ere his words begun.

And at his looke ſhe flatly falleth downe,
For lookes kill loue, and loue by lookes reuiueth,
A ſmile recures the wounding of a frowne,
But bleſſed bankrout that by loue ſo thriueth.
The ſillie boy beleeuing ſhe is dead,
Claps her pale cheeke, till clapping makes it red.

And all amaz'd, brake off his late intent,
For ſharply he did thinke to reprehend her,
Which cunning loue did wittily preuent,
Faire-fall the wit that can ſo well defend her:
For on the graſſe ſhe lyes as ſhe were ſlaine,
Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

He wrings her noſe, he ſtrikes her on the cheekes,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulſes hard,
He chafes her lips, a thouſand wayes he ſeekes
To mend the hurt, that his vnkindneſſe marde,
He kiſſes her, and ſhe by her good will,
Will neuer riſe, ſo he will kiſſe her ſtill.

The night of ſorow now is turnd to day,
Her two blew windowes faintly ſhe vpheaueth,
Like the faire ſunne when in his freſh array,
He cheeres the morne, and all the world relieueth:
And as the bright ſunne glorifies the skie:
So is her face illumind with her eye.

Whoſe beames vpon his hairleſſe face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrowed all their ſhine,
Were neuer foure ſuch lamps together mixt,
Had not his clouded with his browes repine:
But hers, w through the criſtall tears gaue light,
Shone like the Moone in water ſeene by night.

O where am I (quoth ſhe) in earth or heauen,
Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire?
What houre is this, or morne, or wearie euen,
Do I delight to die or life deſire?
But now I liu'd, and life was deaths annoy,
But now I dy'd, and death was liuely ioy.

O thou didſt kill me, kill me once againe,
Thy eyes ſhrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them ſcornfull tricks, & ſuch diſdaine,
That they haue murdred this poore heart of mine,
And theſe mine eyes true leaders to their queene,
But for thy piteous lips no more had ſeene.

Long may they kiſſe each other for this cure,
Oh neuer let their crimſon liueries weare,
And as they laſt, their verdour ſtill endure,
To driue infection from the dangerous yeare:
That the ſtar gazers hauing writ on death,
May ſay, the plague is baniſht by thy breath.

Pure lips, ſweet ſeales in my ſoft lips imprinted,
What bargaines may I make ſtill to be ſealing?
To ſell my ſelfe I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and vſe good dealing,
Which purchaſe if thou make, for feare of ſlips,
Set thy ſeale manuell, on my wax-red lips.

A thouſand kiſſes buyes my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leyſure, one by one,
What is ten hundred touches vnto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for non-paimẽt, that the debt ſhould double,
Is twentie hundred kiſſes ſuch a trouble?

Faire

Faire Queene (quoth he) if any loue you owe me,
Meaſure my ſtrangeneſſe with my vnripe yeares,
Before I know my ſelfe, ſeeke not to know me,
No fiſher but the vngrowne frie forbeares,
The mellow plum doth fal, the greene ſticks faſt,
Or being early pluckt, is ſower to taſt.

Looke the worlds comforter with wearie gate,
His dayes hot taske hath ended in the weſt,
The owle (nights herald) ſhreekes, tis very late,
The ſheepe are gone to fold, birds to their neſt,
And cole-black clouds, that ſhadow heaués light,
Do ſummon vs to part, and bid good night.

Now let me ſay good night, and ſo ſay you,
If you will ſay ſo, you ſhall haue a kis;
Good night (quoth ſhe) and ere he ſayes adue,
The honie fee of parting tendred is;
Her armes do lend his necke a ſweete embrace,
Incorporat thē they ſeeme, face growes to face.

Till breathleſſe he diſioynd, and backward drew,
The heauenly moiſture that ſweet corall mouth,
Whoſe precious taſt, her thirſtie lips well knew,
Whereon they ſurfet, yet complaine on drouth,
He with her plentie preſt, ſhe faint with dearth,
Their lips together glew'd, fall to the earth.

W

Now quicke deſire hath caught the yeelding pray,
And glutton-like ſhe feeds, yet neuer filleth,
Her lips are conquerers, his lips obay,
Paying what ranſome the inſulter willeth:
Whoſe vultur thought doth pitch the price ſo hie,
That ſhe will draw his lips rich treaſure drie.

And hauing felt the ſweetneſſe of the ſpoile,
With blindfold furie ſhe begins to forrage,
Her face doth reeke, & ſmoke, her blood doth boile,
And careleſſe luſt ſtirres vp a deſperate courage,
Planting obliuion, beating reaſon backe,
Forgetting ſhames pure bluſh, & honors wracke.

Hot, faint, and wearie, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling
Or as the fleet-foot Roe that's tyr'd with chaſing,
Or like the froward infant ſtild with dandling:
He now obeyes, and now no more reſiſteth,
While ſhe takes all ſhe can, not all ſhe liſteth.

What waxe ſo frozen but diſſolues with tempring,
And yeelds at laſt to euery light impreſſion?
Things out of hope, are compaſt oft with ventring,
Chiefly in loue, whoſe leaue exceeds commiſſion:
Affection faints not like a pale fac'd coward,
But then woes beſt, whē moſt his choiſe is froward.

When

When he did frowne, ô had she then gaue ouer,
Such nectar from his lips she had not sucke,
Foule words, and frownes, must not repell a louer,
What though the rose haue prickles, yet tis pluckt:
Were beautie vnder twentie locks kept fast,
Yet loue breaks through, & picks them all at last.

For pitie now she can no more detaine him,
The poore foole prayes her that he may depart,
She is resolu'd no longer to restraine him,
Bids him farewell, and looke well to her hart,
The which by Cupids bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his brest.

Sweet boy she sayes, this night Ile waste in sorrow,
For my sicke heart commands mine eyes to watch,
Tell me loues maister, shall we meete to morrow?
Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?
He tells her no, to morow he intends,
To hunt the boare with certaine of his frends.

The boare (quoth she) whereat a suddaine pale,
Like lawne being spread vpon the blushing rose,
Vsurpes her cheeke, she trembles at his tale,
And on his necke her yoaking armes she throwes.
She sinketh downe, still hanging by his necke,
He on her bellie falls, she on her backe.

Now is she in the very lists of loue,
Her champion mounted for the hot incounter,
All is imaginarie she doth proue,
He will not manage her, although he mount her,
That worse then Tantalus is her annoy,
To clip Elizium, and to lacke her ioy.

Euen so poore birds deceiu'd with painted grapes,
Do surfet by the eye, and pine the maw:
Euen so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poore birds that helpless berries saw,
The warme effects which she in him finds missing,
She seekes to kindle with continuall kissing.

But all in vaine, good Queene, it will not be,
She hath assay'd as much as may be prou'd,
Her pleading hath deseru'd a greater fee,
She's loue, she loues, and yet she is not lou'd,
Fie, fie, he sayes, you crush me, let me go,
You haue no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy ere this,
But that thou toldst me, thou wouldst hūt the beare,
Oh be aduis'd, thou know'st not what it is,
With iauelings point a churlish swine to goare,
Whose tushes neuer sheath'd, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

On

On his bow backe, he hath a battell ſet,
Of briſly pikes that euer threat his foes,
His eyes like glow-wormes ſhine, when he doth fret
His ſnout digs ſepulchers where ere he goes,
Being mou'd he ſtrikes, what ere is in his way,
And whom he ſtrikes, his crooked tuſhes ſlay.

His brawnie ſides with hairie briſtles armed,
Are better proofe then thy ſpeares point can enter,
His ſhort thicke necke cannot be eaſily harmed,
Being irefull, on the Lion he will venter,
The thornie brambles, and imbracing buſhes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he ruſhes.

Alas, he naught eſteemes that face of thine,
To which loues eyes payes tributarie gazes,
Nor thy ſoft hands, ſweet lips, and criſtall eine,
Whoſe full perfection all the world amazes,
But hauing thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
Would root theſe beauties, as he roots the mead.

Oh let him keepe his loathſome cabbin ſtill,
Beautie hath naught to do with ſuch fowle fiends,
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They that thriue well, take counſell of their friends,
Whē thou didſt name the boare, not to diſſemble,
I feard thy fortune, and my ioynts did tremble.

Didſt thou not marke my face? was it not white?
Saweſt thou not ſignes of feare lurke in mine eyes?
Grew I not faint, and fell I not downe right?
Within my boſome whereon thou doeſt lye,
My boding heart, pants, beats, and takes no reſt,
But like an earthquake ſhakes thee on my breſt.

For where loue raignes, diſturbing iealouſie,
Doth call him ſelfe affections centinell,
Giues falſe alarmes, ſuggeſteth mutinie,
And in a peacefull houre doth crie, kill, kill,
Diſtempring gentle loue in his deſire,
As aire, and water do abate the fire.

This ſower informer, this bate-breeding ſpie,
This canker that eates vp loues tender ſpring,
This carrie-tale, diſſentious iealouſie,
That ſomtimes true news, ſomtime falſe doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whiſpers in mine eare,
That if I loue thee, I thy death ſhould feare.

And more then ſo, preſenteth to mine eye,
The picture of an angrie chafing boare,
Vnder whoſe ſharpe fangs, on his backe doth lye,
An image like thy ſelfe, all ſtaind with goare,
Whoſe blood vpon the freſh flowers being ſhed,
Doth make thē droope with grief, & hang the hed.

What

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed
That tremble at th'imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And feare doth teach it diuination;
I prophecie thy death, my liuing sorrow,
If thou incounter with the boare to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
Vncouple at the timerous flying hare,
Or at the foxe which liues by subtilte,
Or at the Roe which no incounter dare:
Pursue these fearfull creatures o're the downes,
And on thy well breathd horse keep with thy hounds

And when thou hast on foote the purblind hare,
Marke the poore wretch to ouer-shut his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care,
He crankes and crosses with a thousand doubles,
The many musits through the which he goes,
Are like a labetinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runnes among a flocke of sheepe,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-deluing Conies keepe,
To stop the lowd pursuers in their yell:
And sometime forteth with a heard of deare,
Danger deuiseth shifts, wit waites on feare,

For there his ſmell with others being mingled,
The hot ſent-ſnuffing hounds are driuen to doubt,
Ceaſing their clamorous cry, till they haue ſingled,
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out,
Then do they ſpend their mouth's, ecchoreplies,
As if another chaſe were in the skies.

By this poore Wat farre off vpon a hill,
Stands on his hinder-legs with liſtning eare,
To hearken if his foes purſue him ſtill,
Anon their loud alarums he doth heare,
And now his griefe may be compared well,
To one ſore ſicke, that heares the paſſing bell.

Then ſhalt thou ſee the deaw-bedabbled wretch,
Turne, and returne, indenting with the way,
Each enuious brier, his wearie legs do ſcratch,
Each ſhadow makes him ſtop, each murmour ſtay,
For miſerie is troden on by many,
And being low, neuer releeu'd by any.

Lye quietly, and heare a litle more,
Nay do not ſtruggle, for thou ſhalt not riſe,
To make thee hate the hunting of the bore,
Vnlike my ſelfe thou hear'ſt me moralize,
Applying this to that, and ſo to ſo,
For loue can comment vpon euery wo.

Where

Where did I leaue? no matter where (quoth he)
Leaue me, and then the ſtorie aptly ends,
The night is ſpent; why what of that (quoth ſhe?)
I am (quoth he) expected of my frends,
And now tis darke, and going I ſhall fall,
In night (quoth ſhe) deſire ſees beſt of all.

But if thou fall, oh then imagine this,
The earth in loue with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kis,
Rich prayes make true-men theeues: ſo do thy lips
Make modeſt Dyan cloudie and forlorne,
Leſt ſhe ſhould ſteale a kiſſe and die forſworne.

Now of this darke night I perceiue the reaſon,
Cinthia for ſhame, obſcures her ſiluer ſhine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treaſon,
For ſtealing moulds from heauen, that were diuine,
Wherin ſhe fram'd thee, in hie heauens deſpight,
To ſhame the ſunne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath ſhe brib'd the deſtinies,
To croſſe the curious workmanſhip of Nature,
To mingle beautie with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature:
Making it ſubiect to the tyrannie,
Of mad miſchances, and much miſerie.

As burning feauers, agues pale, and faint,
Life-poysoning pestilence, and frendzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickneſſe whoſe attaint,
Disorder breedes by heating of the blood,
Surfets, impoſtumes, griefe, and damnd diſpaire,
Sweare natures death, for framing thee ſo faire.

And not the leaſt of all theſe maladies,
But in one minutes fight brings beautie vnder,
Both fauour, ſauour, hew, and qualities,
Whereat th'impartiall gazer late did wonder,
Are on the ſudden waſted, thawed, and done,
As mountain ſnow melts with the midday ſunne.

Therefore deſpight of fruitleſſe chaſtitie,
Loue-lacking veſtals, and ſelfe-louing Nuns,
That on the earth would breed a ſcarcitie,
And barraine dearth of daughters, and of ſons;
Be prodigall, the lampe that burnes by night,
Dries vp his oyle, to lend the world his light.

What is thy bodie but a ſwallowing graue,
Seeming to burie that poſteritie,
Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt haue,
If thou deſtroy them not in darke obſcuritie?
If ſo, the world will hold thee in diſdaine,
Sith in thy pride, ſo faire a hope is ſlaine.

So

So in thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe art made away,
A miſchiefe worſe then ciuill home-bred ſtrife,
Or theirs whoſe deſperat hands themſelues do ſlay,
Or butcher fire, that reaues his ſonne of life:
Foule canking ruſt, the hidden treaſure frets,
But gold that's put to vſe more gold begets.

Nay then (quoth Adon) you will fall againe,
Into your idle ouer-handled theame,
The kiſſe I gaue you is beſtow'd in vaine,
And all in vaine you ſtriue againſt the ſtreame,
For by this black-fac't night, deſires foule nourſe,
Your treatiſe makes me like you, worſe and worſe.

If loue haue lent you twentie thouſand tongs,
And euery tongue more moouing then your owne,
Bewitching like the wanton Mairmaids ſongs,
Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne,
For know my heart ſtands armed in mine eare,
And will not let a falſe ſound enter there.

Leſt the deceiuing harmonie ſhould ronne,
Into the quiet cloſure of my breſt,
And then my litle heart were quite vndone,
In his bed-chamber to be barr'd of reſt,
No Ladie no, my heart longs not to grone,
But ſoundly ſleeps, whiſe now it ſleeps alone.

What haue you vrg'd, that I can not reproue?
The path is ſmooth that leadeth on to danger,
I hate not loue, but your deuiſe in loue,
That lends embracements vnto euery ſtranger,
You do it for increaſe, ô ſtrange excuſe!
When reaſon is the bawd to luſts abuſe.

Call it not loue, for loue to heauen is fled,
Since ſweating luſt on earth vſurpt his name,
Vnder whoſe ſimple ſemblance he hath fed,
Vpon freſh beautie, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant ſtaines, & ſoone bereaues:
As Caterpillers do the tender leaues.

Loue comforteth like ſun-ſhine after raine,
But luſts effect is tempeſt after ſunne,
Loues gentle ſpring doth alwayes freſh remaine,
Luſts winter comes, ere ſommer halfe be donne:
Loue ſurfets not, luſt like a glutton dies:
Loue is all truth, luſt full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not ſay,
The text is old, the Orator too greene,
Therefore in ſadneſſe, now I will away,
My face is full of ſhame, my heart of teene,
Mine eares that to your wanton talke attended,
Do burne themſelues, for hauing ſo offended.

With this he breaketh from the ſweet embrace,
Of thoſe faire armes which bound him to her breſt,
And homward through the dark lawnd runs apace,
Leaues loue vpon her backe, deeply diſtreſt,
Looke how a bright ſtar ſhooteth from the skye,
So glides he in the night from Venus eye.

Which after him ſhe darts, as one on ſhore
Gazing vpon a late embarked friend,
Till the wild waues will haue him ſeene no more,
Whoſe ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the mercileſſe, and pitchie night,
Fold in the obiect that did feed her ſight.

Whereat amaz'd as one that vnaware,
Hath dropt a precious iewell in the flood,
Or ſtoniſht, as night wandrers often are,
Their light blowne out in ſome miſtruſtfull wood;
Euen ſo confounded in the darke ſhe lay,
Hauing loſt the faire diſcouerie of her way.

And now ſhe beates her heart, whereat it grones,
That all the neighbour caues as ſeeming troubled,
Make verball repetition of her mones,
Paſſion on paſſion, deeply is redoubled,
Ay me, ſhe cries, and twentie times, wo, wo,
And twentie ecchoes, twentie times crie ſo.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And ſings extemporally a woefull dittie,
How loue makes yong men thrall, & old men dote,
How loue is wiſe in follie, fooliſh wittie:
Her heauie antheme ſtill concluds in wo,
And ſtill the quier of ecchoes anſwer ſo.

Her ſong was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For louers houres are long, though ſeeming ſhort,
If pleaſd themſelues, others they thinke delight
In ſuch like circumſtance, with ſuch like ſport:
Their copious ſtories oftentimes begunne,
End without audience, and are neuer donne.

For who hath ſhe to ſpend the night withall,
But idle ſounds reſembling paraſits?
Like ſhrill-tongu'd Tapſters anſwering euery call,
Soothing the humour of fantaſtique wits,
She ſayes tis ſo, they anſwer all tis ſo,
And would ſay after her, if ſhe ſaid no.

Lo here the gentle larke wearie of reſt,
From his moyſt cabinet mounts vp on hie,
And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſiluer breſt,
The ſunne ariſeth in his maieſtie,
Who doth the world ſo gloriouſly behold,
That Ceader tops and hils, ſeeme burniſht gold.

Venus

Venus ſalutes him with this faire good morrow,
Oh thou cleare god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp, & ſhining ſtar doth borrow,
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There liues a ſonne that ſuckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou doeſt lend to other.

This ſaid, ſhe haſteth to a mirtle groue,
Muſing the morning is ſo much ore-worne,
And yet ſhe heares no tidings of her loue;
She harkens for his hounds, and for his horne,
Anone ſhe heares them chaunt it luſtily,
And all in haſt ſhe coaſteth to the cry.

And as ſhe runnes, ſhe buſhes in the way,
Some catch her by the necke, ſome kiſſe her face,
Some twin'd about her thigh to make her ſtay,
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict embrace,
Like a milch Doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
Haſting to feed her fawne, hid in ſome brake.

By this ſhe heares the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts like one that ſpies an adder,
Wreath'd vp in fatall folds iuſt in his way,
The feare wherof doth make him ſhake, & ſhudder,
Euen ſo the timerous yelping of the hounds,
Appals her ſenſes, and her ſpirit confounds.

For now ſhe knowes it is no gentle chaſe,
But the blunt Boare, rough beare, or lyon proud,
Becauſe the crie remaineth in one place,
Where fearefully the dogs exclaime aloud,
Finding their enemie to be ſo curſt,
They all ſtraine curt'ſie who ſhall cope him firſt.

This diſmall crie rings ſadly in her eare,
Through which it enters to ſurpriſe her hart,
Who ouercome by doubt, and bloudleſſe feare,
With cold-pale weakeneſſe, nums ech feeling part,
Like ſoldiers when their captain once doth yeeld,
They baſely flie, and dare not ſtay the field.

Thus ſtands ſhe in a trembling extaſie,
Till cheering vp her ſences all diſmayd,
She tels them tis a cauſleſſe fantaſie,
And childiſh error that they are affrayd,
Bids thé leaue quaking, bids them feare no more,
And with that word, ſhe ſpide the hunted boare.

Whoſe frothie mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milke, & bloud, being mingled both togither,
A ſecond feare through all her ſinewes ſpred,
Which madly hurries her, ſhe knowes not whither,
This way ſhe runs, and now ſhe will no further,
But backe retires, to rate the boare for murther.

A thouſand ſpleenes beare her a thouſand wayes,
She treads the path, that ſhe vntreads againe;
Her more then haſt, is mated with delayes,
Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
Full of reſpect, yet naught at all reſpecting,
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kenneld in a brake, ſhe finds a hound,
And askes the wearie caitiffe for his maiſter,
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainſt venimd ſores, the onely ſoueraigne plaiſter.
And here ſhe meets another, ſadly ſcowling,
To whom ſhe ſpeaks, & he replies with howling.

When he hath ceaſt his ill reſounding noiſe,
Another flapmouthd mourner, blacke, and grim,
Againſt the welkin, volies out his voyce,
Another, and another, anſwer him,
Clapping their proud tailes to the ground below,
Shaking their ſcratcht-eares, bleeding as they go.

Looke how the worlds poore people are amazed,
At apparitions, ſignes, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearfull eyes, they long haue gazed,
Infuſing them with dreadfull prophecies;
So ſhe at theſe ſad ſignes, drawes vp her breath,
And ſighing it againe, exclaimes on death.

Hard fauourd tyrant, ougly, meagre leane,
Hatefull diuorce of loue) (thus chides the death)
Grim-grinning ghoſt, earths worme what doſt thou
To ſtifle beauty, and to ſteale his breath? (meane?
Who when he liu'd, his breath and beautie ſet
Gloſſe on the roſe, ſmell to the violet.

If he be dead, ô no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beautie, thou ſhouldſt ſtrike at it,
Oh yes, it may, thou haſt no eyes to ſee,
But hatefully at random doeſt thou hit,
Thy marke is feeble age, but thy falſe dart,
Miſtakes that aime, and cleaues an infants hart.

Hadſt thou but bid beware, then he had ſpoke,
And hearing him, thy power had loſt his power,
The deſtinies will curſe thee for this ſtroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckſt a flower,
Loues golden arrow at him ſhould haue fled,
And not deaths ebon dart to ſtrike him dead.

(weeping?
Doeſt thou drinke teares, that thou prouok'ſt ſuch
What may a heauy grone aduantage thee?
Why haſt thou caſt into eternall ſleeping,
Thoſe eyes that taught all other eyes to ſee?
Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
Since her beſt worke is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here

Here ouercome as one full of diſpaire,
She vaild her eye-lids, who like ſluces ſtopt
The criſtall tide, that from her two cheekes faire,
In the ſweete channell of her boſome dropt,
But through the flud-gates breaks the ſiluer rain,
And with his ſtrong courſe opens them againe.

O how her eyes, and teares, did lend, and borrow,
Her eye ſeene in the teares, teares in her eye,
Both criſtals, where they viewd eeh others ſorrow:
Sorrow, that friendly ſighs ſought ſtill to drye,
But like a ſtormie day, now wind, now raine,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make the wet againe.

Variable paſſions throng her conſtant wo,
As ſtriuing who ſhould beſt become her griefe,
All entertaind, each paſſion labours ſo,
That euery preſent ſorrow ſeemeth chiefe,
But none is beſt, then ioyne they all together,
Like many clouds, conſulting for foule weather.

By this farre off, ſhe heates ſome huntſman hallow,
A nourſes ſong nere pleaſd her babe ſo well,
The dire imagination ſhe did follow,
This ſound of hope doth labour to expell,
For now reuiuing ioy bids her reioyce,
And flatters her, it is Adonis voyce.

Whereat her teares began to turne their tide,
Being prisond in her eye: like pearles in glasse,
Yet sometimes fals an orient drop beside,
Which her cheeke melts, as scorning it should passe,
To wash the fowle face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drownd.

O hard beleeuing loue how strange it seemes!
Not to beleeue, and yet too credulous:
Thy weale, and wo, are both of them extreames,
Despaire, and hope, makes thee ridiculous.
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kils thee quickly.

Now she vnweaues the web that she hath wrought,
Adonis liues, and death is not to blame:
It was not she that cald him all to nought;
Now she ads honors to his hatefull name.
She clepes him king of graues, & graue for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortall things.

No, no, quoth she, sweet death, I did but ieast,
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of feare,
When as I met the boare, that bloodie beast,
Which knowes no pitie, but is still seueare,
Then gentle shadow (truth I must confesse)
I rayld on thee, fearing my loues decesse.

Tis

Tis not my fault, the Boare prouokt my tong,
Be wreakt on him (inuiſible commander)
Tis he foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's author of thy ſlaunder.
Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is aliue,
Her raſh ſuſpect ſhe doth extenuate,
And that his beautie may the better thriue,
With death ſhe humbly doth inſinuate.
Tels him of trophies, ſtatues, tombes, and ſtories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Ioue quoth ſhe, how much a foole was I,
To be of ſuch a weake and ſillie mind,
To waile his death who liues, and muſt not die,
Till mutuall ouerthrow of mortall kind?
For he being dead, with him is beauty ſlaine,
And beauty dead, blacke Chaos comes againe.

Fy, fy, fond loue, thou art as full of feare,
As one with treaſure laden, hemd with theeues,
Trifles vnwitneſſed with eye, or eare,
Thy coward heart with falſe bethinking greeues.
Euen at this word ſhe heares a merrie horne,
Whereat ſhe leaps, that was but late forlorne.

As Faulcons to the lure, away ſhe flies,
The graſſe ſtoops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light,
And in her haſt, vnfortunately ſpies
The foule Boares conqueſt, on her faire delight,
Which ſeene, her eyes as murdred with the view,
Like ſtars aſham'd of day, themſelues withdrew.

Or as the ſnaile, whoſe tender hornes being hit,
Shrinks backward in his ſhellie caue with paine,
And there all ſmoothred vp in ſhade doth ſit,
Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
So at his bloudie view her eyes are fled,
Into the deepe-darke cabbins of her head.

Where they reſigne their office, and their light,
To the diſpoſing of her troubled braine,
Who bids them ſtill conſort with vgly night,
And neuer wound the heart with looks againe,
Who like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their ſuggeſtion, giues a deadly grone.

Whereat each tributarie ſubiect quakes,
As when the wind impriſond in the ground,
Struggling for paſſage, earths foundation ſhakes,
Which with cold terror, doth mens minds cõfound:
This mutinie each part doth ſo ſurpriſe,
That frõ their dark-beds once more leap her eies.

And

And being opend, threw vnwilling light
Vpon the wide wound, that the Boare had trencht
In his ſoft flanke, whoſe wonted lillie white
With purple tears that his woūd wept, had drencht,
No floure was nigh, no graſſe, herbe, leaf, or weed,
But ſtole his blood, and ſeemd with him to bleed.

This ſolemne ſympathie, poore Venus noteth,
Ouer one ſhoulder doth ſhe hang her head,
Dumbly ſhe paſſions, frantikely ſhe doteth,
She thinkes he could not die, he is not dead,
Her voyce is ſtopt, her ioynts forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad, that they haue wept till now.

Vpon his hurt ſhe lookes ſo ſtedfaſtly,
That her ſight dazling, makes the woūd ſeem three,
And then ſhe reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gaſhes, where no breach ſhuld be:
His face ſeemes twain, eeh ſeuerall lim is doubled,
For oft the eye miſtakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot expreſſe my griefe for one,
And yet (quoth ſhe) behold two Adons dead,
My ſighs are blowne away, my ſalt teares gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead,
Heauie hearts lead melt at mine eyes red fire,
So ſhall I die by drops of hot deſire.

Alas poore world, what treaſure haſt thou loſt,
What face remains aliue that's worth the viewing?
Whoſe tong is muſick now? what canſt thou boaſt
Of things long ſince, or any thing enſuing?
The floures are ſweet, their colours freſh, & trim,
But true ſweet beautie liu'd, and di'de with him.

Bonnet, nor vaile hencefoorth no creature weare,
Nor ſunne, nor winde will euer ſtriue to kiſſe you,
Hauing no faire to looſe, you need not feare,
The ſun doth ſcorne you, & the wind doth hiſſe you.
But when Adonis liu'd, ſunne, and ſharpe aire,
Lurkt like two theeues, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Vnder whoſe brim the gaudie ſunne would peepe,
The wind would blow it off, and being gon,
Play with his locks, then would Adonis weepe.
And ſtraight in pitie of his tender yeares,
They both would ſtriue who firſt ſhould drie his (teares.

To ſee his face the Lion walkt along,
Behind ſome hedge, becauſe he would not fear him
To recreate him ſelfe when he hath ſong,
The Tygre would be tame, and gently heare him.
If he had ſpoke, the wolfe would leaue his pray,
And neuer fright the ſillie lambe that day.

When he beheld his ſhadow in the brooke,
The fiſhes ſpread on it their golden gils,
When he was by, the birds ſuch pleaſure tooke,
That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their bils
Would bring him mulberies & ripe-red cherries,
He fed thé with his ſight, they him with berries.

But this foule, grim, and vrchin-ſnouted Boare,
Whoſe downeward eye ſtill looketh for a graue:
Ne're ſaw the beautious liuerie that he wore,
Witneſſe the entertainment that he gaue.
If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiſſe him, and hath kild him ſo.

Tis true, tis true, thus was Adonis ſlaine,
He ran vpon the Boare with his ſharpe ſpeare,
Who would not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kiſſe thought to perſwade him there.
And nouſling in his flanke, the louing ſwine
Sheath'd vnaware his tuske in his ſoft groine.

Had I bene tooth'd like him I muſt confeſſe,
With kiſſing him I ſhould haue kild him firſt,
But he is dead, and neuer did he bleſſe
My youth with his, the more am I accurſt.
With this ſhe falleth in the place ſhe ſtood,
And ſtaines her face with his congealed blood.

She lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold:
She whiſpers in his eares a heauie tale,
As if they heard the wofull words ſhe told,
She lifts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
Where lo, two lamps burnt out, in darkneſſe lyes.

Two glaſſes where her ſelfe, her ſelfe beheld
A thouſand times, and now no more reflect,
Their vertue loſt, wherein they late exceld,
And euery beautie robd of his effect;
Wonder of time (quoth ſhe) this is my ſpight,
That thou being dead, the day ſhould yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,
Sorrow on loue hereafter ſhall attend:
It ſhall be wayted on with iealouſie,
Find ſweet beginning, but vnſauorie end,
Nere ſetled equally, but high or lo,
That all loues pleaſure ſhall not match his wo.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,
Bud, and be blaſted, in a breathing while,
The bottome poyſon, and the top orc-ſtrawd
With ſweets, that ſhall the trueſt ſight beguile,
The ſtrongeſt bodie ſhall it make moſt weake,
Strike the wiſe dumb, & teach the foole to ſpeake.

It ſhall be ſparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the meaſures,
The ſtaring ruffian ſhall it keepe in quiet,
Plucke downe the rich, enrich the poore with trea-
It ſhalbe raging mad, and ſillie mild, (ſures,
Make the yong old, the old become a child.

It ſhall ſuſpect where is no cauſe of feare,
It ſhall not feare where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt,
It ſhall be mercifull, and too ſcueare,
And moſt deceiuing, when it ſeemes moſt iuſt,
Peruerſe it ſhalbe, where it ſhewes moſt toward,
Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It ſhall be cauſe of warre, and dire euents,
And ſet diſſention twixt the ſonne, and ſire,
Subiect, and ſeruill to all diſcontents:
As dried combuſtions matter is to fire,
Sith in his prime, death doth my loue deſtroy,
They that loue beſt, their loues ſhall not enioy.

By this the boy that by her ſide lay kild,
Was melted like a vapour from her ſight,
And in his bloud that on the ground lay ſpild,
A purple floure ſprung vp, checkred with white,
Reſembling well his pale cheekes, and the blood,
Which in round drops, vpō their whitenes ſtood

She bowes her head, the new-ſpróg floure to ſmell,
Comparing it to her Adonis breath,
And ſayes, within her boſome it ſhall dwell,
Since he himſelfe is reft from her by death;
She crops the ſtalke, and in the breach appeares,
Green-dropping ſap, which ſhe cõpares to teares.

Poore floure (quoth ſhe) this was thy fathers guiſe.
Sweet iſſue of a more ſweet ſmelling ſire,
For euery little griefe to wet his eyes,
To grow vnto him ſelfe was his deſire;
And ſo is thine, but know it is as good,
To wither in my breaſt, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here in my breſt,
Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right.
Lo in this hollow cradle take thy reſt,
My throbbing heart ſhall rocke thee day and night;
There ſhall not be one minute in an houre,
Wherein I will not kiſſe my ſweet loues floure.

Thus wearie of the world, away ſhe hies,
And yokes her ſiluer doues, by whoſe ſwift aide,
Their miſtreſſe mounted through the empty skies,
In her light chariot, quickly is conuaide,
Holding their courſe to Paphos, where their queen
Meanes to immure her ſelfe, and not be ſeene.

FINIS.

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